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## THE MAN-SLAYER.

A TALK FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

BY THE REV. J. ROBINSON GREGORY.

No wonder the man is running so eagerly. He is fleeing for his life. Accidentally he has killed a man, and the old Jewish law gave to the nearest relative of the dead man the right to kill the one who had slaughtered him. But the law also provided a way of escape. The man-slayer might flee to any one of certain towns, called 'cities of refuge,' and once within the gates he was safe. There were six cities of refuge in Palestine, three on each side of the river Jordan. The cities were chosen carefully, so that they might be reached as easily as possible. No matter where an unfortunate man killed another unintentionally, he could reach one of the cities without crossing a river or climbing a mountain. And they were so situated that no one should need to run too great a distance.

Now I want you to notice three things:

1. The cities of refuge were always open, ready to receive those that fled to them.

2. The man-slayer who took refuge in them was perfectly safe.

3. These cities could be reached very easily.

On Good Friday, we celebrate the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. We know that He died upon the cross to save us from our sins; from the sins themselves, and from the punishment due to them. But we must flee to Him for refuge. We must come to Him ourselves. I need not tell you the way to come to Him—by prayer and trust. Let us mark:

1. *Jesus Christ is always ready to* receive those who flee to Him. He says: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out;" which means that Christ will never reject any one who asks penitently for forgiveness and help. You cannot come to Jesus at a wrong time. The other day, if you had been at the Paymaster-General's office in London, you would have seen large numbers of people anxious to get to a certain window. At it there were clerks waiting to pay pensions. The money could be paid only on that day and at fixed hours. No matter how poor a man might be, *how much he might* want the cash due to him, no matter what had kept him away at the proper time, he could *not* get his money except on that one day. The Lord Jesus Christ might have said that He would forgive sin only on Sunday mornings. We should have had no right to complain. But any day and any hour of the day we may pray to Him, and be certain that He will listen to us. Suppose that you had grieved father and mother, and had gone to bed without asking forgiveness; you wake in the middle of the night, when every one *is asleep and* the house is quite still; you feel sorry for your fault, and would like to tell father and mother so, but you cannot get up and go to their bedroom and disturb them; you must wait till the morning before you can say what is in your heart. But at once you can tell the Lord Jesus how sorry you are for your faults, and obtain His forgiveness.

2. We are safe while Jesus protects us. Satan cannot harm us. And on the cross Jesus has borne our punishment. I knew a man who was afraid of being put in prison for debt; and feared still more, that everything he had in the world would be taken from him, and that his wife and children would be left without fire, or food, or shelter. Two friends of his went to his creditors and made themselves responsible for all that he owed. He could walk about the streets now. He was not afraid to leave home lest everything should be taken from him before he returned. Jesus has paid our debt. He has not said that He will see that we pay it ourselves. It is done with for ever.

3. We need never to go upon a journey to seek Jesus. We can speak to Him now, just where we are. He is so close to us that He can read our very thoughts. A boy came to a minister a little time ago, and told him that he felt himself a sinner and wanted to be forgiven. He seemed to think that he could not be pardoned except in a chapel, or at a public service, or in a class meeting. When the minister told him that Jesus was as near to him where he stood as He would be in the chapel, he could scarcely believe it. But it was true. Yes! We can always go straight to the Saviour.

THE AVENGER OF BLOOD.

THEY who God's face can understand,
Feel not the workings of his hand.
—*Lord Houghton.*

## AH CHAO, COME BACK!

A MOURNING CHINESE MOTHER.

It was a dark, dreary night, not a star gleamed forth from the gloomy sky o'erhead; even the wind seemed rushing by with a weird, lonely sound. There was not a light to be seen anywhere, not one lamp sent out a friendly ray upon the cheerless street, the whole city seemed asleep, for the hour was midnight. Suddenly a door opened, and a woman stepped out into the still, night air. In one hand she carried a lantern, while the basket hanging upon her other arm was filled with paper money and sycee! She walked slowly along until she came to the first corner; here she stopped, and taking out several handfuls of the paper from her basket, she placed it upon the ground and set fire to it, and as it burned rapidly up, she called out in a loud, shrill voice, "Ah Chao, come back! Ah Chao, come back!" The fire having burned out, she slowly passed to the next street corner, and went through the same performance; then to the next street, and the next, and so on and on she wandered. Her piercing cry seemed to tremble with the deep, unspoken anguish of a hopeless and bursting heart; and it grew fainter and fainter, as she crept farther and farther into the dark distance. Poor mother! Ah Chao will never come back to you again.

When she reached her home in the early dawn she found only the lifeless body of her loved one, his soul had gone into the (to her) unknown future; she could not follow him, and she was almost beside herself in the blackness of darkness of her great grief.

This son was her only child; for him she had lived and toiled and saved; she had loved him with all her heart; she had fed, clothed and educated him; now that he was twelve years old she had begun to form great plans for his future. She especially hoped that he might worship and take care of her soul after her death. Now all her hopes were blighted, and her life seemed a perfect blank.

But four days ago he was quite well; he was standing with her and many of the neighbors to watch the procession of the god of the fields go by; he had seemed afraid as the idol passed, and by and by had fallen asleep. He waked up in terror, crying, "Oh, mother, the Lao-ya (the idol) has hold of my hand, and is dragging me to the temple, to burn incense." The mother, in great fear, ran out and bought two dollars' worth of incense, candles, paper money, etc., and went quickly with them to the temple to worship; all the next day she knelt before the idol pleading for the life of her child, and all

the third day she knocked her head on the ground before him, making vows and promises, but all was useless. "Foreign teacher," she exclaimed, "don't tell me that these idols have no power, for they have taken my boy." Yet she was interested in, and listened earnestly to, the words spoken of the "Great Physician, the sympathizing Jesus," also to what was told her of a God of love, a God who delights to watch over His children, and protect them from evil, of a Father in heaven who loves to bless, who says to every mother heart, "Suffer little ones to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Oh," she exclaimed, "if I had only known this before, so I could have told my boy." —*Mrs. Du Bose, Soochow.*

## ALWAYS READY.

A few months ago, a lady was visiting the mother of one of her Sunday school scholars. Not having seen her very lately, and noticing that she was dressed in deep mourning, the lady asked, "Have you lost any one since I was here last?"

"Yes," answered the mother, "my youngest son," and she told her visitor a little about his illness and death.

His had been a sad history: brought up by respectable parents, he had yet disliked their quiet ways, and as he grew older, refused to follow any occupation save that of a night cabman. He was not openly wicked, but entirely thoughtless, having no fear of God before his eyes.

One evening he was sitting on his cab waiting to be employed, when a lady handed him a tract entitled, "Be ye also ready." He laughed as he took it, saying, "I am always ready, Ma'am, ready for a job at any time," and his companions readily joined him in the fun.

He threw the tract into his cab and turned back to his friends, but the words haunted him, try as he would to forget them. "Be ye also ready,"—it sounded in his ears louder than the mockery of his companions. "Be ye also ready"—above the din and traffic of the great city, as weary men and women wended their way homeward.

Ready, ah, he knew what the word meant, he had heard of the Lord's coming, and he knew he was not ready. He wondered if the tract would tell him anything more, and taking it out, he sat down and read it through carefully. The night wore away with its varied duties, and in the early morning he returned to his house and went to his room. Then he took out the tract and read it over again. It told him of the Lamb of God, who died to bear away the sin of the world. It told him of Jesus, and he looked to Him and received life eternal. Two months passed away, and those around him wondered at the change, as they saw his heart set on brighter things above, and his life testifying to the One who had loved him and given Himself for him.

Dear friends, you who have learned the truths that this young man had learned, you who have so often heard about the Lord Jesus Christ, let me ask you the question, "Are you ready?"—*Little Friend.*

## STORY OF A SPANIARD.

A servant of the Lord who was preaching the gospel in Spain once entered into conversation with a man whom he met about his soul. The man made the bold statement that "he did not believe there was a God."

"Indeed," said the preacher quietly. "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

"If I could see Him, I would believe in Him," said the man.

"You cannot see the wind," replied the preacher, "but I suppose you believe in that?"

"Why, yes," he answered again, "I can feel the effects of the wind; of course I believe in it."

"And do you know," questioned the preacher, "that God could make you feel the effects of what He does? He could send enough wind to blow you off your little cart."

The man, who earned his living by going round the neighboring villages with a little cart, as our marine store dealers do in England, was silenced at this, and went away, thinking, I daresay, that it was very unlikely that God would send His wind to stop him in his infidel career.

And you, my unconverted reader, let me ask you if you have never said in your heart that there is no God. You shrink, perhaps, from such a suggestion. "I," you say, "born in a Christian land, brought up by Christian parents, surrounded by Christian friends, I say there is no God?—impossible!"

Yet, from week to week, and year to year, does any thought of God's claim upon you ever enter your heart? First, His claim upon you as Creator, seeing He giveth to all men life, and breath, and all things. What good gift have you that you did not receive from God? and secondly, the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ upon you, as having died for you.

If you turn to the parable of the treasure hid in the field, and read there of the one who sold all that he had, for joy of that hidden treasure, and see then in the presence of Calvary's awful cross the price that was paid for the field, remembering that the field is the world, tell me, my friend, have you ever acknowledged and bowed to these claims upon you? nay, have you not rather lived as though they existed not?

The poor foreigner of whom I write was convinced of this in a remarkable way. The preacher had almost forgotten the incident just related, when, one day, he was accosted by a man who asked if he did not remember him, and on his answering No, he said, "Do you not remember some time ago telling a poor infidel that God could send enough wind to blow him off his cart? I am that man. Very soon after seeing you I was blown off my cart, and my arm injured by the fall, and I have been laid up almost ever since; I do not doubt now that there is a God." These words recalled the circumstance to the preacher's memory, and he questioned the man as to the state of his soul, and persuaded him to attend some gospel meetings. At first he seemed ashamed to be seen in such a place, but very soon the Lord spoke in grace to him, and he became a rejoicing believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Since then, he goes his round with his little cart, like the apostle Paul in another day, "preaching the faith which he once destroyed;" and the people who knew him as a godless scoffer, know him now as a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Little Friend.*

## BE IN TIME.

I want my readers to be noted for punctuality. If it is going to school, or to meet any one by appointment, always take care to be in time.

But the clocks differ, some will say.

Yes, they do; but those who want to be in time generally manage to do so. It is those who are not particular that are behind time.

God's clocks always keep good time. His sun, moon, and stars, are His clocks, and are never behind time. It is by some one watching these that our clocks are kept right.

I once read of a boy who became a merchant through his punctuality. He was an apprentice in a city in America, and his time to commence work was six o'clock in the morning.

He was always in time, and as he got near his shop, he passed a merchant's store, which was always being opened as the clock struck six.

The boy used to say to this merchant, "Good morning, sir." And nothing more than "Good morning" in reply, ever passed between them.

This merchant died suddenly, and when his will was opened it was found that he had left his business and his store to the boy who always passed his door when he pulled down the shutters.

Nothing like this may ever happen to you. But remember, all God's clocks keep good time, and all His works are exact to the second. Imitate them, and always be in time.—*Little Friend*

## "THAT MEANS ME."

Many of the Dutch farmers in Africa have held the black natives in great contempt, as the planters once despised their slaves.

As one of these farmers was riding out one day, he saw one of the blacks sitting by the roadside, reading, when he jeeringly asked, "What book have you there?"

"The Bible," replied the Hottentot.

"The Bible! Why, that book was never intended for you."

"Indeed it was," replied the black, confidently; "for I see my name here."

"Your name? Where?" asked the farmer, getting down from his horse; "show it to me."

"There!" said the poor fellow, putting his finger on the word "sinners"—"there! sinners! that's my name. I am a sinner; so that means me."

### LESSON CALENDAR.

*(Second Quarter, 1887.)*

1. April 3.—Joseph sold into Egypt.....Gen. 37 : 23-36
2. April 10.—Joseph exalted.....Gen. 41 : 33-43
3. April 17.—Joseph makes himself known.Gen. 45 : 1-15
4. April 24.—Joseph and his Father.....Gen. 47 : 1-12
5. May 1.—Israel in Egypt.....Exod. 1 : 6 14
6. May 8.—*The Child Moses*.....Exod. 2 : 1-10
7. May 15.—The Call of Moses.....Exod. 3 : 1-12
8. May 22.—The Passover.....Exod. 12 : 1-14
9. May 29.—The Red Sea.....Exod. 14 : 10-31
10. June 5.—The Manna.....Exod 16 : 14-12
11. June 12.—The Commandments.....Exod. 20 : 1-11
12. June 19.—The Commandments.....Exod. 20 : 12-21
13. June 26.—Review, Temperance, Lev. 10 : 1-11, and Missions, Ex. 35 : 20-29.

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

*(From International Question Book.)*

### LESSON IV.—APRIL 24.

JOSEPH AND HIS FATHER.—GEN. 47 : 1-12.
COMMIT VERSES 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

*Honor thy father and thy mother*, which is the first commandment with promise.—Eph. 6 : 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The duty and privilege of honoring our parents.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gen. 45 : 17-28.
T. Gen. 46 : 1-7.
W. Gen. 46 : 26-34.
Th. Gen. 47 : 1-26.
F. Ps. 90 : 1-17.
Sa. Eccl. 12 : 1-14.
Su. Ps. 116 : 1-19.

TIME.—B.C. 1706; a few years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Heliopolis (or Zoan) and the land of Goshen.

PERSONS.—Joseph, 39 years old; Jacob, 130 years old.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. MY FATHER, ETC., ARE COME—it was a journey of 250 miles. IN THE LAND OF GOSHEN—the part of Egypt they would reach first. 2. FIVE MEN—a delegation from the company, perhaps his five oldest brethren. 4. SOJOURN—to stop for a while till the famine was over. SORE—severe, intensely bad. 6. MEN OF ACTIVITY—of ability, competent to take charge of the herds. Pharaoh would give them the best position that shepherds were capable of. 9. FEW AND EVIL—so they seemed to him. The evils were his sins and his troubles. Most of *his* troubles grew out of his sins. NOT ATTAINED—he was 130, but Abraham died at 175, and Isaac at 180. Jacob lived 17 years after this. 11. BEST OF THE LAND—best for pasture. RAMESES—a district in Goshen; or Goshen is called Rameses from the city of that name, afterwards built there.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give a sketch of the life of Joseph. What was the state of affairs in Egypt at this time? Relate the story of the discovery of Joseph by his brothers. How old was Joseph at this time? How old was Jacob?

SUBJECT: HONORING PARENTS.

JOSEPH HONORED HIS PARENTS: I. BY SENDING FOR HIS FATHER AND HIS FAMILY (v. 1)—Where did Jacob live? How many children had he? What word did Joseph send by his brothers? What did he send for their aid? (45 : 19-23.) How did Jacob receive the good news? What convinced him that it was true? How long since Jacob had seen Joseph? How many went down into Egypt with Jacob? (46 : 26, 27.) How long was the journey? Describe the meeting of father and son.

Why was it necessary for Joseph to send waggons for Jacob? How would these convince him that his son was still living? Name some of the facts which should convince men that God's word of salvation is true. Ought they to be convincing?

II. BY INTRODUCING THEM AT COURT (vs. 1-10).—To what part of Egypt did the patriarchs first come? What did they bring with them? Who were taken first to be introduced to Pharaoh? What instructions had Joseph previously given them? (46 : 31-34.) Were they wise in telling the truth when they knew that shepherds were an abomination to the Egyptians? What land and what office did it help them to gain? Is honesty always "the best policy"? Is that a good reason for being honest and open? What kind of men did Pharaoh want? Are such always in demand?

Describe the interview of Jacob with Pharaoh. How did Jacob look upon life? What were some of the "evils" in his life? How many of them grew out of his own faults? What were some of his mercies? In what respects is life a pilgrimage? (See Heb. 11 : 13-16.) What lesson does this comparison teach us? What temptation would Joseph have not to acknowledge his father and brothers?

Where was the land of Goshen? Why was it specially fitted for these new comers? Why were shepherds an abomination to the Egyptians? Should we seek only the place for which we are fitted? Meaning of Jacob blessed Pharaoh? How long did they intend to stay in Egypt? (Verse 4.) How long did they stay?

III. BY PROVIDING FOR THEM (vs. 11, 12).—Where did Jacob and his sons settle? How long did Joseph need to sustain them? Is it the duty and privilege of children to care for their aged parents? What is the fifth commandment? What is the Golden Text? What is the promise to honoring parents? Why is there a special promise to this command? In what ways may we honor them? What is said of those who refuse to do it? (Deut. 27 : 16; Prov. 20 : 20; 30 : 17.)

### LESSON V.—MAY 1.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.—EX. 1 : 6-14.
COMMIT VERSES 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He increased his people greatly; and made them stronger than their enemies.—Ps. 105 : 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The bondage of sin, like that in Egypt, is bitter, cruel and destructive.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gen. 48 : 1-22.
T. Gen. 49 : 1-33.
W. Gen. 50 : 1-26.
Th. Ex. 1 : 1-14.
F. Ps. 105 : 1-25.
Sa. John 8 : 21-36.
Su. Matt. 11 : 20-30.

THE BOOK OF EXODUS:—

*The Title*—Exodus means "departure," or "going out," from the chief event of the book.

*The Author*.—Moses.

*Characteristics*—Genesis is the book of Creation; Exodus is the book of Redemption. It sets forth the redemption of Israel from Egypt as a type of man's redemption from sin.

TIME.—From the death of Joseph, 1635, till the birth of Moses, 1571; according to the common chronology.

PLACE.—Egypt; especially the land of Goshen.

DURATION OF THE BONDAGE.—There are two methods of reckoning. In Gen. 15 : 13, 14; Ex. 12 : 40, 41, and Gal. 3 : 17, the time is given as 430 years. The common chronology reckons from the call of Abraham, B.C. 1921, 430 years to 1491, the date of the Exodus, only 215 of which (B.C. 1706, the date of Jacob's immigration, to 1491) were actually spent in Egypt. Others reckon from 1700, and place the Exodus at about 1300.

INTRODUCTION.—Joseph entered Egypt a slave at the age of 17. When 30, he was made ruler of Egypt, and remained so 80 years, till his death at the age of 110, B.C. 1635. Jacob died 17 years after he entered Egypt, aged 147, and was buried in Hebron.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

7. INCREASED ABUNDANTLY—as promised by God (Gen. 46 : 3.) Egypt, and especially Goshen, was noted for its fertility in children. There must have been a population of two millions at the time of the Exodus, for there were 600,000 grown men (Num. 1 : 46). 8. A NEW KING—a new dynasty of kings, a new government. People from another part of Egypt conquered this part. KNEW NOT JOSEPH—they had no interest in what he had done for another government, and, so forgot, practically, all about it. 9. MIGHTIER THAN WE—not, than the whole of Egypt; but, than the governing tribe or party which held several provinces in subjection. 10. DEAL WISELY—shrewdly, but as it was a wicked policy, it was in reality foolish, and ended in failure. 11. TREASURE CITIES—for storing corn, etc., as depots of military provisions. 13. SERVE WITH RIGOR—they were not slaves of individuals, as modern slaves, but held houses, flocks and property; but they were drafted to work on the public works, and treated with great oppression. 14. MADE THEM SERVE—this God permitted for wise reasons: (1) as a punishment of their idolatry; (2) to wean them from the land of Egypt; (3) to prepare the way for God's glorious works of deliverance.—*Peele*. The reasons for the bondage in Egypt may have been (1) the uniting the people into one nation "by blood, interest, hopes, fears, by bondage and by faith"; (2) to fit them to be recipients of new instruction, laws and institutions. They were as new material, without national forms or prejudices to be removed; (3) their training in the culture and civilization and literature of Egypt, by being forced to use Egyptian implements, and work on Egyptian buildings.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What book of the Bible do we now study? What can you tell about it? How old was Jacob when he died? Where was he buried? Give the time and place of this lesson?

SUBJECT: THE BONDAGE IN EGYPT; TYPE OF THE BONDAGE OF SIN.

I. THE MAKING OF A NATION (vs. 6, 7).—How long was Joseph in Egypt? (Compare Gen. 37 : 2 with 50 : 26.) How much of this time was he ruler? (Compare 41 : 46.) How old was Joseph when he died? Where was he buried? (Ex. 13 : 19; Acts 17 : 16.) What lessons do you learn from his career?

How many Israelites came down into Egypt? (Gen. 46 : 26, 27.) How long did they remain in Egypt? (Gen. 15 : 13, 16; Gal. 3 : 17.) What is said of their increase after this? Where had this been promised? (Gen. 46 : 3.) How great was their number when they left Egypt? (Ex. 12 : 37.) Why was this large number necessary?

II. THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY (vs. 8-14).—What change was made in the government of Egypt? What two dangers did they fear from the Israelites? What two plans did Pharaoh adopt to hinder their increase? (vs. 11 and 22.) What kind of work were they compelled to do? Would any advantage arise from these labors, for their future as a nation? How would this adversity make them willing to leave Egypt? How would it lead them to God? How would it unite them into one people?

Was Pharaoh's plan a wise one? Would it have been better for him to have made them citizens and treated them justly and kindly? Does persecution usually increase the power and influence of the persecuted? Have God's people much to fear from opposition? What lessons did the Israelites learn in the school of adversity?

III. THE BONDAGE OF SIN.—What does Jesus say of those who do wrong? (John 8 : 34.) In what respects is this bondage like that of the Israelites in Egypt? Does the bondage of sin begin gradually as did that of the Israelites? Show how sin is a hard master. Illustrate the bondage of sin by the power of habit, of intemperance.

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## CARE FOR MOTHER.

How many worthy mothers who have toiled beside their husbands for years, and brought up a large family of boys and girls to young men and women, have little by little given up that careful attention to dress that went so far to making them acceptable in the eyes of their lover husbands when they were first married. They are very particular that father should look neat, and the girls have nice dresses, neat gloves and boots, collars and laces, and all the pretty toilet accessories; the boys too, must look well-dressed; but, oh! it makes no difference about mother. So few people see her, she is not often on the streets, and every one that comes to the house knows that mother is generally so busy in the kitchen that she cannot keep dressed up. So argues the busy, unselfish wife, secure in the thought that it can make no difference to father, who has known and loved her so long. But what are the girls thinking of? Are they not at all to blame? Well, of course, they would rather have a well dressed than an ill-dressed mother any time, and occasionally they do array her in some of their own stylish clothing, and are surprised to see how young she looks; but mother shakes her head, and says such things are out of place for her. But, at least, the girls might see to it when she sits down tired with the morning's work, and with little ambition to stir, feeling so glad to rest, that she is not allowed to remain in that same working toilet. If loving fingers should insist on combing and arranging her hair prettily and suitably, in fastening about her neck a dainty, clean collar, after they have assisted her to change her dress and put on a nice apron, do you think father would not notice the change with pleasure? And will not a well dressed mother thus have more influence, think you, over the young men in her house? It is not necessary by any means that she should be stylish; but the daughters might and should see to it, that there is not too great a contrast between their clothing and hers. If she can once be persuaded that it gives them more pleasure to see her looking neat and even elegant, do you not think it will arouse in her more desire to be so herself? Perhaps they can arrange matters so that she will not have quite so much kitchen work, or they can occasionally go without some coveted bit of adornment in order to give mother some necessary article. Many young boys and girls, or young men and women, spend many a cent uselessly or unwisely on themselves, which, if invested in some labor-saving article for their toiling mother at home, would insure them a great deal more true happiness. See to it, then, boys and girls, that one who has done so much for you is not neglected.—*Geraldine in Presbyterian Review.*

## TRAINING CHILDREN.

BY MADAME WILLARD.

First of all, I would insist, teach your children to be truthful; by all the incentives that occur to your prayerful thought, keep their love and confidence so that they will be open to you as to the day. Then I would recommend the do-everything method, according to the varying needs of your priceless charge. If its nerves are startled, quiet it the best way you can. Don't put it in a dark room and let it cry itself to sleep. It would be more motherly to hang it to the limb of a tree, like an Indian baby, where it could see the light and feel the gentle motion of the breeze. Don't regard it as a mere animal that needs only to be fed and clothed. It needs sympathy very early; it can smile back your love when only a few weeks old. Never punish a child when it can think you are in anger, or about to take its life. It will be so frightened as to lose all self-control. You may think it obstinacy when it is a frenzy inspired by the fear of one in whose power it is utterly helpless. Mothers should try to keep their health, so as to be bright, agreeable company for the older children, and to be patient with the little ones. I know this is easier said than done, especially if the mother is sick or overborne with care; but the attempt, if partially, unsuccessful, will not fail of its reward. The habit of unselfishness and kindness cannot be too early impressed. The mother should be in spirit and manner, or should aim to be, such as she desires the child to be. I would not recommend over indulgence, but genuine tenderness and love can hardly go to an extreme, especially in the early helpless years. If complications arise between the children do not let them accumulate Don't let them lie awake all night dreading a punishment in the morning. Settle them at once upon their own merits without referring them to any umpire but yourself.

When they are old enough to commence study do not be indifferent to the trials they meet with in the effort to solve the, to them, difficult problems, but do them for them often yourself; don't be so fearful about weakening their self-reliance as to defeat your desire for their high achievement by allowing them to be discouraged in the outset. Should a child show a strong bias toward any laudable line of life that promises self-support, and easy independence, I would encourage it. Try to cultivate a tender conscience, a delicate sensitiveness to right and wrong. I would place the acquisition of character infinitely before that of wealth, desirable as is a moderate share of the latter. Wealth ends with life, character is immortal, toward the perfection of which all our efforts should tend. I must not forget my pet idea to be more careful to praise children for doing well, than to chide them for doing ill.

When the children are young and in the mother's care more directly, there may be a feeling of comparative safety, but when they blossom into young men and women, and begin to assume personal responsibility, it is the hour of doom, that threatens to make or mar all her handiwork. Who is wise enough to counsel then? Silence seems safest, but silence would be treason; the mother must have the heart of her loved ones in keeping in this hour of destiny; no one can be consulted with such safety as the mother, and she will need the electric light of Deity to guide her in this supreme emergency.

Who can arrest the flying hours? What issues hang upon the decision of the moment? She can find refuge only in Him who has said, "If ye ask anything in my name I will do it." Here she may anchor in a sublime faith that the young, inexperienced, and adventurous feet may, through infinite riches of grace, be led into paths of safety, usefulness and to a lasting peace.

## THE MORNING WATCH.

BY MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

"In the morning I prepare for Thee, and for Thy coming watch."—*Ps. 5: 3. Translation of Dr. DeWitt.*

David bade everything stand aside that he might welcome God on the threshold of the new day. He centred his thought, affection, will, on God first. He poised himself for the day. Many an eagle-flight he took; many a hot battle he fought; many a time had they afflicted him, from his youth up, but to be the unintermittent victor in all these things he daily first fixed himself immovably on God. "Early will I seek Thee." God is not only to be first in point of consideration but, as a matter of fact, He is to be first in point of time devoted to Him. The early hours set the pitch for the whole day. If the detailed arrangement of our time is at all under our own control, can we be, or ought we to be comfortable in entering on any day, hurrying from one duty, care or pleasure to another, no matter how important, until God has had the first place, not only in our esteem, but in respect of time actually spent with Him? The putting off of early communion with God is the fruitful source of many unsanctified thoughts, of many hasty, ungracious acts, of many unguarded words, in short, of many unsatisfactory days and of much retrograde spirituality.

But to bring these thoughts to their immediate bearing on ourselves, is there a mother, teacher, housekeeper, or any woman in a family who does not feel the need of first getting right herself, of first finding some unfailing strength for her own heart, some mighty source of self-control and self-poise, some undergirding of power to make her an arm of strength on which others can lean, before she undertakes the commonest of those household or school duties that fall to her lot? The less her duties are spiritual the more she needs spiritual help for their best performing. Can we afford to pass one hour of untranquil hasting through duty when the peace we might have is ready for us very early in the morning, waiting to glide into every hour's duty to sweeten and render it effective? But for it we must go aside, and in the morning prepare for Him and watch with the Book in hand to see what sustaining truth He will give for ourselves, and what added spiritual strength to be used for Him in helping others. Communion with Jesus in the early hours of the day should be the primal fact of each day. The day on which we prepare for God will be the day for which God prepares us. And it may be every remaining day of our life. "Be Thou their arm every morning."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## CARELESS CHILDREN.

Many mothers complain of the carelessness of their children in leaving their toys scattered about, and it is found that whipping them for such a fault commonly renders them sulky, peevish and inclined to prevaricate, faults much worse than that of mere carelessness, because they often lead to the establishment of characteristics positively bad. It would be far better to deprive the careless boy or girl for a time of the toys so neglected, and in reply to the anxious, "Why can't I have them?" explain how much trouble is given mamma or the servant in picking up their playthings and putting the room in order where they have been playing. Two or three trials of this kind will not fail to produce improvement in their conduct. It is by such rational means "a child," to use the language of Herbert Spencer, "is only taught the lesson which cannot be learned too soon, that in this world of ours pleasures are rightly to be obtained only by labor."

The thought suggests itself here that parents should co-operate earnestly in the punishment of their children as well as in approving and amusing them. When one parent finds it expedient to correct a little one the other parent should be careful about showing disagreement, at any rate in the presence of the child. Mother and father should be so considerate of each other in this important matter that their children may not be led to yield a very different measure of respect to each of them.—*American Kindergarten.*

## A PORTION FOR THE DAY.

It is often hard for a busy housekeeper to secure time in the morning to sit down and enjoy her Bible as she would like. She simply cannot take a half hour from her nursery or her kitchen, and she has learned by experience that her only free time, free from unexpected interruptions, is the last hour of the day, when the children are in bed, the front door shut and the lateness of the evening a bar to visitors.

Like the manna in the desert, feeding the hungry wayfarers, does such a woman find her portion for the day. It is on the wall, in large print, two or three texts and a stanza from a hymn in one of the hanging leaflets called "Heavenly Sunshine" or "Silent Comforter;" or it is in her Daily Food, her Dewdrops, or her Every Day, that she finds the little portion, the angel's message, the tender clasp of the Saviour's hand. Through the toiling day the verse she reads recurs to her, calming her in weakness, guiding her in perplexity. Perhaps she is weary and depressed, doubtful of earthly love, uncertain of the future, and opening her little book she is reminded that "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore." Anxious about pecuniary affairs, her verse for the day is, "I would have you without carefulness," or "He was marvellously helped till he was strong." Grieving over some dear one taken hence, she reads, "Because I live, ye shall live also." In need of wisdom, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

One might proceed indefinitely, but this is enough to indicate how precious and rich is the daily portion which a single text may afford.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Dr. Fothergill, a greatly respected English authority on dyspepsia, speaks strongly in favor of milk puddings and stewed fruits for the dyspeptic, the bilious and the gouty. He says: "Sugar is undoubtedly objectionable to many, but it is by no means necessary to add sugar to stewed fruit. If the acidity be neutralized by a little bicarbonate of soda, the natural sweetness of the fruit will be brought out, and the dish be made more agreeable than though artificially made sugar were added."

## RECIPES.

Pates Filled with Minced Chicken or Veal.—Ingredients: Two pounds of cold chicken, salt, pepper, and nutmeg, one ounce of butter, half a gill of cream.—Chop the chicken fine, first having removed the skin and sinews. Add salt, pepper, a little grated nutmeg, butter and cream; put all together in a saucepan on the fire for a few minutes, stirring constantly, remove it from the fire and put it in the pâtes, which have been made. Veal is prepared in exactly the same manner.

Temperance Mince-Pie.—Two pounds beef chopped fine, two pounds suet chopped fine, five and a half pounds apple chopped fine, three pounds raisins, two of which chop, the other pound put in whole, one and a half pounds sugar, two cups molasses, two lemons (juice and rind), also inside and juice of two lemons in a pint of water, half an ounce cinnamon, one quarter ounce cloves, two nutmegs, one quarter ounce mace. (If one has no mace five grated nutmegs in its place.) A quarter cup of salt. If this is not sufficiently moist turn in water until it is. If one likes citron a half-pound is none too much.

Beef Scallops.—Mince a small quantity of cold roast beef very finely, season it rather highly with salt, pepper, and made mustard. Put it into a sauce-pan with just enough stock and gravy barely to moisten it, and let it heat very slowly. Grease out some scallop shells, or failing these, some deep oyster shells; nearly fill them with the mince—which must not on any account be thin or watery—and cover over with well-mashed potatoes. Mark the tops prettily with a fork, lay a tiny piece of butter on each, and bake in a quick oven until nicely browned. Serve neatly arranged on a hot dish, covered with a napkin or a dish paper.

Pastry for Pates.—Ingredients: One quart of the best flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of lard, one small teacupful of ice water. Sift the flour into a deep wooden bowl, chop up the lard in the flour until it is as fine as dust; add enough ice water to enable you to work all into a stiff dough, and work with a wooden spoon until it is necessary for you to use your hands; then flour them, and knead the paste into a round ball, handling as little as possible. Roll this out into a thin sheet, being careful to always roll from you, cover with small pieces of butter, roll up into a compact roll, flatten with your rolling pin, and roll out again as before. Repeat this until all the butter is used up. Make your pâtes into shape, bake a light brown, fill with the chicken or veal.

Savory Mince.—This is a nice way to use up cold roast beef. Mince as much as is required very finely, till it almost forms a paste, then cover it up and set it aside till wanted. Chop, very small, two medium onions, with a little thyme, parsley, and tarragon, and put them into a saucepan with an ounce of butter and a teaspoonful of flour. Stir them about over a gentle fire until partially cooked and nicely browned; add a cupful of stock, the minced meat, a dessert spoonful of good catsup—mushroom, walnut, or tomato—and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Simmer gently for half an hour, stirring now and then; then turn the mince out on to a hot dish, garnish with croutons, and serve hot. To prepare the croutons, take slices of stale bread, cut a quarter of an inch thick, stamp them into fancy shapes, stars, diamonds, rounds, or squares; fry them in boiling butter, or dripping, a rich golden brown, then drain them carefully, and serve as directed.

## PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

A little object is my first.
But said to be by far
A mightier power for good or ill
Than warlike weapons are.

Where'er the sea-bird cleaves the air
My third's swift course is held;
Sometimes it flies on tireless wing,
Sometimes it is propelled.

My second did devise my first,
And eke my third he planned;
But still, although he made them both
He cannot rye command.

My whole is something practised
Where'er my first is found;
Sometimes 'tis sharp and angular
And sometimes it is round.

ODD PUZZLE.

R a g m a n
o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o o o
o o o o o o
D o n k e y.

Take the last letters of each word for the first of the next until you find the Ragman's donkey.

CHARADE.

My first is a garment of beauty, I ween,
Yet it never was worn by a king or a queen.
My second is numbered among common toys,
And it often gives pleasure to men as to boys.
My whole from my first is quite easily made,
Yet it cannot be fashioned by chisel or spade.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

Beheadings.—Wheel, heel, eel.

Square Word.—

A d a
D a y
A y e

Charade.—Aladin.

## The Family Circle.

### THE IVY POEM.

The ivy in a dungeon grew,
Unfed by rain, uncheered by dew,
Its pallid leaflets only drank
Cave moisture foul, or odors dank.

But through the dungeon grating high
There fell a sunbeam from the sky,
It slept upon the grateful floor
In silent gladness evermore.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot
Through all its fibres to the root,
It felt the light, it saw the ray,
It longed to blossom into day.

It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb,
Long had the darkness been its home;
For well it knew, though veiled in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.

It reached the beam, it thrilled, it curled,
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world;
It grew towards the dungeon bars,
It looked upon the moon and stars.

Upon that solitary place
Its verdure threw adorning grace,
The mating birds became its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

By rains and dews and sunshine fed,
Upon the outer wall it spread,
And in the day beam roaming free,
It grew into a stately tree.

Would'st know the moral of the rhyme?
Behold the heavenly light and climb.
To every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's illimitable day.
—*Charles Mackay.*

### MISS MACPHERSON'S WIDOWS.

*(Pearlfisher in Word and Work.)*

Most readers of the *Messenger* are familiar with the work done by Miss Macpherson in bringing out children to Canada, but her London work is not so well known. The faith of these poor widows is an example for all.

The widows are no new branch of service at the Home of Industry. So far back as 1866—the "cholera year"—Miss Macpherson and Miss C. M. S. Lowe were drawn out on behalf of these lonely and tried ones, hiding their deep penury in little back-rooms and attics.

The weekly sewing class, then commenced, has been maintained ever since. Each Monday afternoon the Upper Room in the Spitalfields Beehive will be found crowded with these "dear old women," as I have heard them called many a time. True, they are poor—utterly, terribly poor—some (by no means the majority) not over-tidy, but their cheerful looks, their bright responses, their warm hearty prayers—the prayers of those who have tested God and know His faithfulness, who have marked "t. p." to many a promise—are such as to stir the hearts of all who meet them.

One dear old dame, bedridden (just over seventy), has two shillings per week from the Union, while her rent is two shillings and threepence. Her son allows her one shilling and sixpence—thus she has in the ordinary way one shilling and threepence for food. The other week, being out of employment, the son could not send his usual remittance; what was she to do? "My angel (Miss Macpherson) tells me she trusts the Lord for everything—so will I." Having told Him about it she left it with Him, and one shilling and threepence was sent just in time for the collector.

Another old lady (sixty) had made up her rent all but one farthing. How was that to be obtained? By prayer. She just prayed for it, and a farthing turned up in an odd corner.

Yet again, an aged one had the rent—all but threepence farthing.

"Lord," she said, "I haven't wasted it; you know I haven't. You will send it me in time. I need it, and I know you will."

Soon after the Biblewoman called, and, after a talk, said:—"I feel I must leave you what I have in my pocket." She pulled out three pennies, as she thought, and left them. After she had gone the old lady found a farthing between the coppers.

"Bless the Lord; He's just sent it."

One of the ladies from the Home of Industry coming in, Mrs. —— told the story, and the lady, meeting the Bible-woman, said:—

"Do you know what you gave Mrs.——"

"Threepence."

"No, threepence farthing."

"I would have been ashamed to give her a farthing."

"But the Lord meant you to give her it; for it was just what she needed."

Do these seem trifles? They are answered prayer, nevertheless; for small are the widow's needs.

Here is another case. Four or five Christian ladies place weekly sums at Miss Macpherson's disposal on behalf of the very aged and infirm, allowing them *sometimes* one, sometimes two shillings a week. One lady in the country wrote:—

"I feel as if Mrs. —— would be the better of a sixpence a week more; do you think so?"

The reply was: "Yes, she would."

The extra sixpence was sent, and when the worker called she found the old dame almost in tears over a letter.

"What is the matter this morning?"

"Read that, ma'am."

It proved to be a letter from her son to say work was slack, and he must reduce his small weekly allowance by a sixpence. God had provided the need, even before the frail old lady knew of it.

These widows are often amongst Miss Macpherson's best helpers—praying for her at all times, and especially in time of need. Said one lately, when told how remarkably the Lord had answered some special prayer in connection with the Home of Industry: "Did He? It's just like Him. He's the Hearer and Answerer of prayer."

How poor many of them are will be understood by two actual cases from Miss Macpherson's book:—

"Listen to this wail. 'I am seventy-nine, and know no one but you who cares for me. I am nearly blind, but stirring to come here daily to make the paper pillows has kept me well this winter, thank God.'

"I had an accumulation of fancy slippers—very old. Even though mended it would have been mockery to give them to those known to me. A very aged widow, who seemed 'cute, on being asked what she felt she could do to turn a shilling to advantage, thought she could mend these, and, with a few rags, made a little stall in Rag Fair. When this was done, she came and offered payment for the stock in hand, and, with tears, would take no refusal. One shilling and threepence bought three old men's shirts, which, when mended, washed, starched, and ironed, were sold again, and repaid the industrious woman. A shilling was given as a deposit on wood, which the widow chopped, sharpened, tied in bundles and got sixpence per thousand for skewers for cat's meat. Twopence bought scraps of leather, one penny smallest bits of rag; the widow cut, stuffed with bran, and created dolls' arms, selling them at threehalfpence per dozen. Every hour gives new experiences in beholding the strain to find work to buy bread. Day by day many are gradually becoming more weakly. One day, coming round the corner quickly, I found one sinking with want and feebleness six yards from the door. She had tasted neither breakfast nor dinner; the last penny had gone to make up the eighteenpence for rent."

What, it may be asked, is done for such? They have a good tea, three hours' work and pleasant Gospel talk, and, at the close, a sixpence each. A small sum it may seem to us, to them it is a grateful help. Here, for example, is how some spend their sixpence:—

1 lb. bread, 1½d.; ½ lb. sugar, ½d.; ½ oz. tea, ½d.; milk, ½d.; 2 oz. dripping, 1d.; soap ½d.; 7 lbs. coal, 1d.; wood, ½d.;—6d.

Sometimes, when there are little ones, it is spent thus:—cowheel, 3d.; herbs, 1d.; potatoes, 1d.; bread, 1d.—6d. A dinner for six!

Besides the Monday sewing class, at which the Word is never left out, there are large Sunday afternoon Bible classes in which the widows greatly delight, bringing their Bibles with them and searching the Word as it is expounded. They are encouraged to ask questions, which many of them do, very much to the point. In these classes many have been born again, blind eyes opened to see Jesus, the lame taught to walk in His ways, and the sorrowing comforted. This gathering is reckoned amongst the most spiritually fruitful in the whole service at the Home of Industry.

Here is one with a face bright and sunny, but she is blind.

"How long," I asked her, last Thursday, "have you been blind?"

"Eight years."

"It must have been a sore affliction."

"Ah, sir; the first two years were the darkest any woman could know. With the children round me, and me blind, and no God, I was like to die of despair. But then God saved me, in this room, sir. He opened my eyes to see Jesus for my Saviour; and now, oh, sir, it's all bright, so bright. I'd not have my sight again for all the world, if it were to be without Jesus. God never *fails me*—if I want anything, I just tell Him. He is a good Father to me, He leads me, He talks to me, He blesses me all the time."

Many of these poor widows are true and consistent followers of Christ; not a few were converted in the Home, others were Christians when discovered. Their faces shine as the love of Christ is unfolded, they are ready quietly to tell what the Lord has done for them, and in the crowded tenements, amongst the careless and unconverted they are "shining for Jesus." Very really so, for they are sneered at yet respected, and, frail as many of them are, they take great pains by prayer and personal testimony to win their neighbors to the Saviour—efforts crowned with success in instances not a few. The texts they learn by heart at the class they find a great help both in testimony and in personal comfort.

They love the class, and again and again, when sick, have left their sick-bed and been almost carried to it. They are constantly visited in their homes by the ladies, and a rare treat it is to do so, the visitor frequently getting more that she gives.

Some time ago I accompanied Miss Macpherson to a little back room, in, I believe, Flower and Dean street, where one of her widows lay sick unto death. Here is the conversation—which struck me much:—

"Well Mrs.——, how are you?"

"Faint, yet pursuing."

"Does the head trouble you much?"

"It does a bit; but He helps me."

"Aren't you tired lying here, all alone?"

"At times; but He talks to me so."

"What does He say?"

"He tells me—once I sinned against Him, but He had mercy on me; and now He's going to take me 'up there.'"

"How long have you been a widow?"

"Nigh thirty-five years, ma'am."

"And how have you got on?"

"Badly before I knew the Lord; since then He's said, 'Let the widows trust in Me.' I have trusted, and He has never (with great emphasis) failed me."

"You'll soon be in His presence; what will you say?"

"Surely I'll fall down before Him and say, 'You died for me.'"

"Will you tell Him you've tried to serve Him?"

"Nay; I'll tell Him He kept me serving Him. It's a poor service it's been; but He'll forgive and bless—I know He will."

There are many amongst the widows, ready at any moment to bear just such testimony bright and trustful. One very sweet old lady (87) says, as she lies in her lonely room:—

"The Lord hasn't forgotten me, but I think He won't trust an angel to fetch me, and He's coming Himself for me. He said, 'I will come again,' and I think He's keeping me for it."

One who passed away last Wednesday was never heard to murmur, yet was often in sore straits. One day the visitor, calling, said:

"What have you had this morning?"

"I've had a rare feed; such comfort."

"But I don't mean that; what have you had for breakfast?"

"I've just put the kettle on, and I'm goin' to have it."

"What have you got?" And, almost against the old lady's wishes, the visitor pulled open the cupboard and found—a plate of crusts, given her by a poor neighbor. She was going to boil them in the kettle to soften them. She did not have "crusts" that morning; but the incident was typical of her ordinary practice, and the practice of many—they hide their poverty, will not complain, and it has to be discovered.

But really such incidents are so abundant, I might go on *ad infinitum*, and must pause not for lack of matter, but want of space. The widows are not all perfection by any means, but many of them are leading beautifully consistent lives. It would amuse many to find the care and discrimination exercised by the ladies before enrolling their names. Every new member has to give full proof of and bear close scrutiny into her poverty, respectability, and real need.

### YOUNG MEN AND TOBACCO.

The use of tobacco puts a serious obstacle in the way of the success of a young man. There is no employment to which it recommends him; there are many employments in connection with which it is a formidable or a fatal difficulty. The use of tobacco is rarely, indeed, a predisposing term in favor of a young man with anybody, while, in many cases, even with those who themselves use it, its use is a decisive objection when any position of delicate trust is under consideration. It lowers, both directly and by association, in very many minds, the sense of soundness and strengt. which they wish to connect with a young man whom they are to encounter constantly in important relations.

Rarely, indeed, would any man, himself addicted to a temperate use of tobacco, recommend the habit as a wise and grateful one to a young man in whom he was interested. How many fathers would give counsel to sons? How very many, on the other hand, out of their own experience, would give with great urgency the opposite advice? A man of good judgment, having reached mature years without the habit, very rarely takes it up. It is fastened on boys and young men in that period of crudeness and greenness in which they are mistaking the voice of their elders for their virtues, their errors for their excellencies. A boy once gotten beyond this unripe age, so succulent of moral malaria, without the habit finds nothing in it to appeal to his growing judgment and experience.

The expense of this habit is an important and uncompensated burden on any young man. A wise economy is a universal condition of success. Here is an economy large enough to be of itself of considerable importance; one which in no way interferes with progress and self-improvement; and one which tends to remove the temptations to indolence and wastefulness in many directions.

The funds which a young man addicted to the use of tobacco devotes to this end, are quite sufficient, if he is without wealth, to reduce seriously his chances of success in business; while this form of expenditure will often anticipate for him very desirable outlays for social and intellectual improvement. He often chooses between this one habit, with its unfavorable associations, and a large variety of truly valuable attainments to be won at a much higher rate.—*President John Bascom.*

### LIVING WITH A DRUNKARD.

Speaking at a service in connection with the Hull Wesleyan Methodist Band of Hope Union, the Rev. C. Garrett said that if the drink-shops, which monopolized the principal corners of our streets, were done away with, the mills and factories would soon be working full time, and there would be no complaining in our streets. We should have no crowded workhouses, no prisons to enlarge, and need but very few lunatic asylums. We might then turn our prisons into art galleries, our asylums into gymnasiums, and our workhouses into board schools. There were known to the police twice as many habitual drunkards as there were Methodists. They could not know the meaning of the word "drunkard" without living with one. He then related a case which came under his notice a few days before, when administering the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. A man who, he knew, earned £2 a week, and often more, came up to the table in his rough working clothes. As soon as he had knelt down at the rails, he wailed out in the agony of his soul:—"Oh, God; have pity on me! have pity on me!" The speaker found out the secret afterward. The man had a drunken wife. Five times he had furnished the house from top to bottom, and as many times had she emptied it to satisfy her craving for drink, and this time she had also pawned his Sunday clothes. When he went into the house in the dark he stumbled over her as she lay across the floor in a state of helpless intoxication, and his poor children were huddled together in one corner of the room, crying bitterly with hunger and cold.

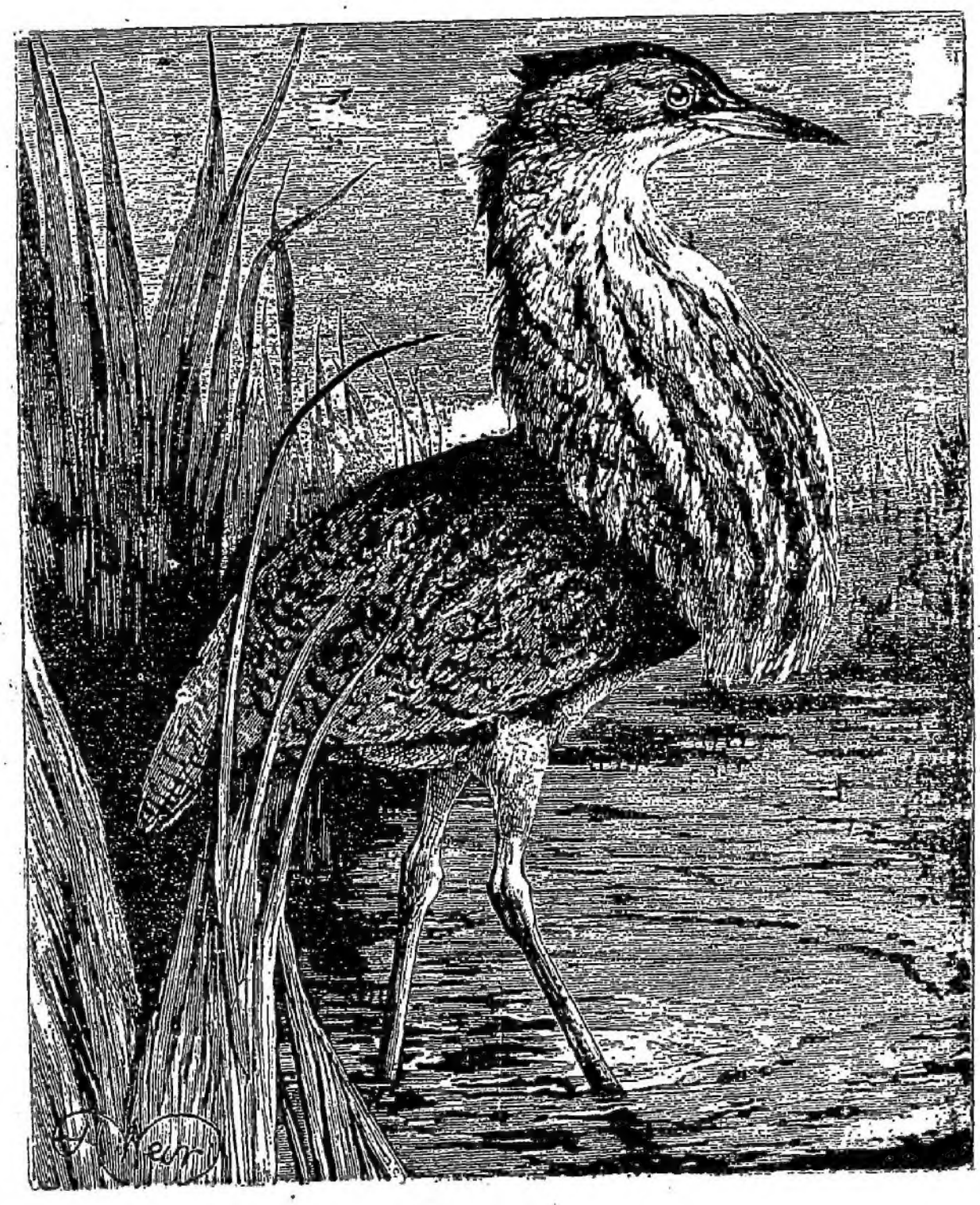
## THE BITTERN.

This large, handsome bird, is now somewhat rare in our country, as it is a bird that loves solitude, and old England is now so well peopled, and so cut up by railways, that there are few spots retired enough to please the bittern. The marshy ground of Essex is perhaps the district most favored by this bird, as it is aquatic in all its habits. It sits close all day among thick reeds at the water's edge, only coming out at night, which is its feeding-time.

It is strong and powerful, using its long sharp beak as a weapon of offence, and as it always aims at the eye of its adversary, it soon does terrible injury to any creature bold enough to interfere with it. Besides, if it should be so wounded as to be unable to fly, it flings itself on its back and fights both with beak and claws.

The plumage of the bittern is prettily mottled with patches of brown, black, and grey, with streaks of fawn color, which give it a bold and striking appearance.

Its nest is built of grass and twigs, and is placed on the ground, near some river or lake. It contains four or five pale brown eggs. The bittern is about two and a half feet in length, and it has a bold and intelligent eye.—*The Prize.*



THE BITTERN.

## BESSIE'S MISTAKE.

It was an old story that Miss Wilson was telling the girls, and yet, if we might judge by the look of fixed attention on the faces of the eight or ten young women, seated in the class, on the Lord's Day afternoon of which I am about to write, this story was a very interesting one.

Very simply, but as one to whom the story of a Saviour's love had brought rest of soul and joy of heart in believing, Miss Wilson told the girls the way of salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Bible lesson was the story of Timothy, who, when a little boy, had listened to Bible stories from the lips of his grandmother, Lois, or his mother, Eunice. (2 Timothy i. 5.)

Bessie Moss has just finished reading 2 Timothy iii. 15: "From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Miss Wilson closed the Bible, and said, "As I look round my class, my eye rests on many of whom I can truly say, 'From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures.' Most of my girls are daughters from homes where the Lord Jesus Christ is loved and honored. Not one of these can plead ignorance of the word of God. All know the Bible is true, and I am sure there is not one in our class who would not feel shocked and grieved at hearing one word said against this precious book.

"But how many are truly wise unto salvation through faith in Christ?

"'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' And only those who have looked in faith to Christ are really wise.

"You cannot earn or buy salvation; it is a free gift. 'For the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) We accept a gift and thank the Giver, do we not? and just so with the gift of salvation.

'Sinners now on Christ believing,
Everlasting life receive.'"

But as the superintendent's bell (which almost always rang before either Miss Wilson or her girls thought it could be so late) gave the signal for closing lessons, Miss Wilson ceased speaking, and began to mark the class registers; but not before she had noticed an anxious gaze on the usually bright face of Bessie Moss; so, looking to the Lord for wisdom and grace to say the words that would best meet Bessie's need, she detained her for a few moments after the other girls had passed out, pointing out one or two passages of Scripture, and urging her to decide at once for Christ.

The following Lord's Day afternoon, Miss Wilson's schoolgirls were again round her. The clouds had all gone from Bessie's face, and she looked so bright and happy that Miss Wilson felt almost sure she had some good news to tell, so she proposed that they should walk home together. Bessie was quite willing, and when Miss Wilson said, "I think you have something to tell me, Bessie dear;" her answer was, "Yes, teacher indeed I have. For a long time I have been wishing to be a Christian; but last Sunday I was so unhappy, I felt as if I could not bear it any longer—I felt I was such a sinner—so I just went to God in prayer and asked Him to forgive all my sins and wash me in the precious blood of Christ."

Bessie stopped speaking, so Miss Wilson asked, "Did He hear and answer you, Bessie?"

"Oh yes, teacher; I am sure, quite sure He did."

"Why are you sure?"

"Because I feel so happy. It cannot be wrong to feel happy, can it, teacher?" Bessie asked, as she looked up wonderingly into Miss Wilson's earnest face.

"No, indeed, Bessie, it is not wrong to be happy, we are told in the word of God to rejoice evermore. (1 Thess. v.) In believing in Christ we 'rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' (1 Pet. i. 8.) But trusting joy is not quite the same thing as trusting Christ. Happy feelings may and will pass away, but the Lord Jesus Christ is a real, living Person, and if I am trusting Him, the change in my feelings does not affect the ground of my peace, because I am trusting only in the finished work of Christ, and that is something altogether outside myself.

"Do not think, dear Bessie, that I want to discourage you or hinder your joy. I can and do give thanks for another of my girls who has, I believe, really and truly come to Jesus; but I desire to help you to see more clearly God's way of peace."

A few weeks later, and all the gladness had gone out of Bessie's face, and the old troubled, anxious look was there again.

Of course, Miss Wilson wanted to know the reason of this change. Tears were in Bessie's eyes as she said, "Oh, teacher, I am afraid I have been making a mistake; I told you I was saved, and I really did think it was true; but I do not feel happy now."

Mr. Ferguson, the superintendent, was passing at that moment, so Miss Wilson turned to ask him a question.

"Is there a verse in your Bible that says, 'Whosoever feeleth happy shall be saved'? My Bible says, It is 'Whosoever believeth.' (John iii. 16.) But Bessie seems to think it must be a mistake."

Perhaps Miss Wilson's question gave Mr. Ferguson a clue to the real state of things. He answered brightly: "My Bible says, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' (Acts xvi 31.)" And sitting down by Bessie, with his Bible opened in his hand, he pointed out to Bessie that salvation is by faith in Christ, not by any doing or feeling of our own.

Did Bessie see where her mistake had been?

Yes; I am sure she did, for though soon after she took a new situation and went to live at some distance from the school, Miss Wilson received a letter from her, which, as I think you will be pleased to read, I am going to copy for you.

"My Dear Teacher,

"I have not forgotten you, though this is the first opportunity of writing I have been able to get. I am very comfortable in my situation, and getting on nicely by the Lord's help, for He is always willing to help those who trust in Him.

"How glad I am that you ever told me of His love.

"I shall never forget that Sunday afternoon, when you drew me to your side, and said, 'Do trust in the Lord Jesus now, dear Bessie, He loves you, He died for you, He wants to save you.'

"And I took your advice, and trusted Him, and now I can sing:

"'I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.'

"I must close my letter now. Please give my love to all the girls, and believe me,

"Your very affectionate scholar,
"Bessie."

I think Bessie's mistake is one into which many young believers fall, putting feeling in the place of faith, or really trusting joy instead of trusting Christ.

Perhaps some of my readers are making it. If so, I urge them to look away from self to Christ; and peace—settled peace—will follow the faith-look at Jesus. It is something like stepping from the shifting sand on to the solid rock. —*Little Friend.*

## UPON LING FONG.

About sixteen miles east of Ningpo, China, lies a noted mountain, Ling Fong, to which tens of thousands, from all parts of Che-kiang, go up yearly to worship. The first day of the ceremonies few besides women attend. Although the path up the mountain was paved, and the steeper ascents were furnished with steps, still it was a tedious climb, even for one with natural feet. The wonder grew upon us how the women, with their little bandaged stubs, could not only climb the mountain, but walk miles to reach it. As we neared the place we were beset by venders of incense sticks urging us to buy. Arriving at a level space, about half-way up the mountain, we found rows of wretched straw huts on either side of the path leading to a building scarcely more than a shed, containing one large room.

In it were a few small, dilapidated idols, before which the people burnt sticks and made prostrations. A desire to worship was by no means the only motive that brought these eager throngs hither. They had come to make preparation for death. And the preparation considered necessary was not purity of heart and life, but money. These multitudes had left their homes and busy pursuits to come hither for the special purpose of buying bills of credit to be burnt at death in order to secure a large sum of money in the next world. These bills of credit, costing twenty-four cash, or about two cents, are small strips of yellow paper, upon which are roughly printed a few characters. These are supposed to be good for about thirteen hundred dollars after death. Behind tables stood men selling these bills. Others were busy stamping with red paint pieces of cotton cloth, which were carried away as evidence that they had been to the sacred spot. The more years they make this pilgrimage, and the more bills of credit they get, the greater will be their merit and wealth in the next life.—*Woman's Work in China.*

The Profits made in the brewery and distillery trade must be enormous. During the last three months four eminent brewers and a distiller have died; they were only part proprietors in their various firms, and yet their aggregate wills amounted to something like three millions.—*C. E. F. Chronicle.*

## A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

*(Children's Friend.)*

### CHAPTER I.—DOROTHY'S DREAM.

In a deep window-seat, hidden by crimson curtains from the room beyond, a little girl was curled up, looking out upon a trim garden, where the first autumn leaves were falling one September afternoon. The view was bounded by a high wall, and above the wall, the east end of Colchester Cathedral stood up a dark mass against the pale-blue sky. Every now and then a swallow darted past the window, with its forked tail and whitish breast; then there was a twittering and chirping in the nests above, as the swallows talked to each other of their coming flight. Little Dorothy was an only child; she had no brothers and sisters to play with; thus she made playmates of her two fluffy kittens, who were lying at her feet; and she made friends of the twittering swallows and the chattering jackdaws, as they swung in and out from the Cathedral tower, and lived in a world of her own.

The position of an only child has its peculiar pleasures and privileges; but I am inclined to think that all little girls who have brothers and sisters to play with, are more to be envied than little Dorothy. To be sure, there was no one to want Puff and Muff but herself; no one to dispute the ownership of Miss Belinda, her large doll; no one to say it was her turn to dust and tidy Barton Hall, the residence of Miss Belinda; no one to insist on his right to spin a top or snatch away the cup and ball just when the critical moment came, and the ball was at last going to alight on the cup.

Dorothy had none of these trials; but then she had none of the pleasures which go with them; for the pleasure of giving up your own way is in the long run greater than always getting it; and it is better to have a little quarrel, and then "make it up" with a kiss and confession of fault on both sides, than never to have any one to care about what you care for, and no one to contradict you!

As little Dorothy watched the swallows, and listened to their conversation above her head, she became aware that some one was in the drawing-room, and was talking to her mother.

She was quite hidden from view, and she heard her name.

"But how can I take little Dorothy?"

"Easily enough. It will do her no harm to take flight with the swallows."

"You don't think she is delicate?" she heard her mother exclaim, in a voice of alarm. "Oh, Doctor Bell, you don't think Dorothy is delicate?"

"No, she is very well as far as I see at present, but I think her life is perhaps rather too dreamy and self-absorbed. She wants companions; she wants variety."

Dr. Bell knew he was venturing on delicate ground.

"Dorothy is very happy," Mrs. Acheson said, "very happy. Just suppose San Remo does not suit her, does not agree with her; then think of the journey!"

"My dear madam, the journey is as easy in these days as if you could fly over on the backs of the swallows—easier than anything. You ask my serious advice, and it is this, that you lose no time in starting for San Remo or Mentone."

"San Remo is best," said Mrs. Acheson, "for I have a friend who has a house there, and she will be there for the winter."

"Very well; then let me advise you to be quick in making your preparations. I shall call again this day week, and expect to find you are standing, like the swallows, ready for flight. Look at them now on the coping of the old wall, talking about their departure and settling."

When Dr. Bell was gone, Mrs. Acheson sat quietly by the fire, thinking over what he had said. She had tried to persuade herself that her cough was better, that if she kept in the house all the winter it would go away. She had felt sure that in this comfortable room—out of which her bedroom opened—she must be as well as in Italy or the south of France. Dr. Bell was so determined to get his own way, and it was cruel to turn her out of her home. And then Dorothy, little Dorothy! how hard it would be for her to leave Puff and Muff, and her nursery, and everything in it. And what was to be done about Nino, the little white poodle, and——"

A host of objections started up, and Mrs. Acheson tried to believe that she would make a stand against Dr. Bell, and stay in Canon's House all the winter.

Meantime little Dorothy, who had been lying curled up as I have described, had heard in a confused way much of what Dr. Bell had said. "A flight with the swallows." The swallows, her uncle, Canon Percival, had told her, flew away to sunshine and flowers; that the cold wind in England gave them the ague, and that they got all sorts of complaints, and would die of hunger, or cramp, or rheumatism if they stayed in England!

"As easy a journey as if you were on a swallow's back," the doctor had said; and Dorothy was wondering who could be small enough to ride on a swallow's back, when she heard a tap at the window, a little gentle tap.

"Let me in, let me in," said a small voice, which was like a chirp or a twitter, rather than a voice.

And then Dorothy turned the old-fashioned handle which closed the lower square of the lattice window, and in came the swallow. She recognized it as one she knew, the mother-bird from the nest in the eaves.

"Come to the sunny South," it said. "Come to the sunny South."

"I can't without mother," Dorothy said.

"Oh yes, you can. Get on my back."

"I am much too big. I am nearly eight years old."

The swallow tittered, and it sounded like a laugh.

"You are not too big; just get on."

And then the swallow turned its tail towards little Dorothy; and to her surprise, she saw her hands were tiny hands as she put them round the swallow's neck, and tucked a pair of tinier feet under her wings.

"Are you ready?" said the swallow.

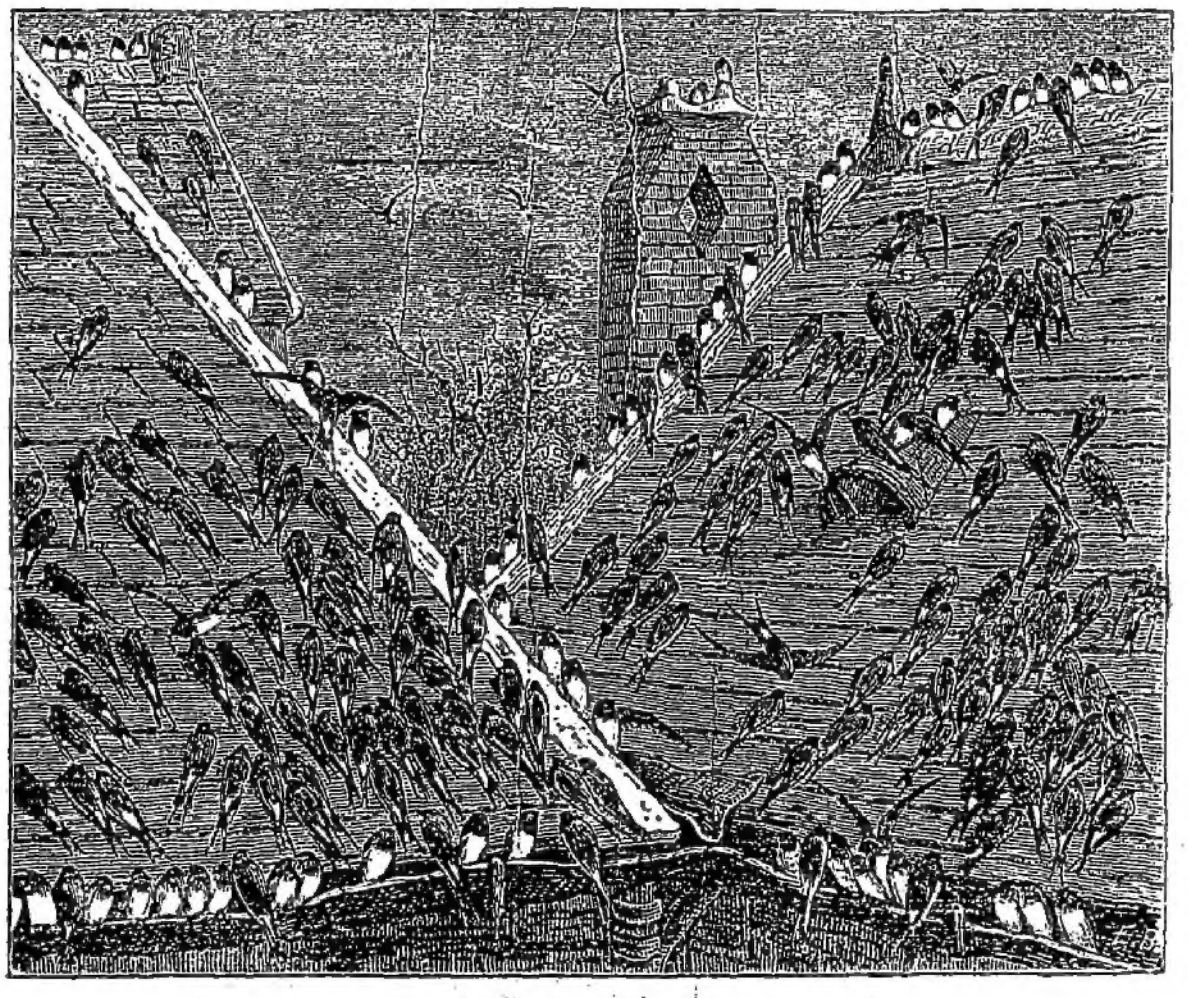
"I don't know. Stop—I——"

But in another minute she was flying through the air on the swallow's back. Over the great cathedral tower, over the blue hills, away, away. Presently there was water beneath, dancing and sparkling in the western sunshine; then there were boats and ships looking so tiny. Everything did look so small. Then it grew dark, and Dorothy was asleep—she felt she was asleep—and presently the swallow put her down on something very soft, and there was a great light, and she sat up and found herself, not in the sunny South, but on her mother's knee by the bright fire in the drawing-room.

"Why, Dorothy, you are quite cold," her mother said. "I did not know you were curled up in the window-seat, so fast asleep."

"Why, mother," said Dorothy, rubbing her eyes and giving a great yawn, "I thought I was flying off to the sunny South with the swallows. "How funny!" she exclaimed. "It was, after all, a dream! I heard Dr. Bell talking about your taking flight with the swallows, and then I thought I got ever so wee and tiny, and then the old mother-swallow carried me off. Are you going to fly off with the swallows, mother, to the sunny South?"

*(To be Continued.)*



SWALLOWS PREPARING FOR FLIGHT.

## ONLY SMOKE.

The old church clock had just struck twelve, and a crowd of happy boys were rushing out of school, all of them seeming glad to be rid of tasks and duties for an hour or two. They shouted hurrah! and then raced each other down the street until they

"Don't do that, Lilywhite," said one of the boys, "you'll get burnt!" but the only answer he received as George still kept playing was: "It won't burn, stupid. It's only smoke."

Just as this remark was made, one of the men came back, and with a loud shout the boys ran off on their way home. Whilst running side by side, one of them happened to see George's fingers and wrist, which soon prompted a shout of derisive laughter, and a cry of—"Oh, look at my Lilywhite hand!"

There was a sudden stop, and the hand that had been held in the smoke was seen to be covered with soot and grime. You see, though the smoke did not burn, it did blacken.

I don't like to hear that word "Only" used so often as an excuse for "dirty" actions or sinful deeds.

"Only a white lie!" as though there were two kinds, black and white, and one could be excused. Believe me, dear boys and girls, there is no such thing in God's sight. His Word declares that "All liars," little and big, white and black, those who tell lies, those who lie by a look, and the liars (for there are such) who act a lie when no word is spoken, shall be shut out of heaven.

Take care of the first wrong step. "Only a glass of wine!" said a lad; but he grew up to be a drunkard, and died in a lunatic asylum.

Only one act of passion! But an angry woman had years of bitter sorrow for that moment of fury in which she threw a fork at her child and blinded him for life.

Only a false report! still the whisper of it ruined a reputation, blasted a good man's prospects, and spoilt a life.

Only a little sin! Dear boys, dear girls, remember the smoke.

Little sins grow into larger ones; and what is hard at first becomes easy, so easy that almost before the sinner knows, he commits the deed that at one time would have made him shudder to think about.

Only one bad companion! who thinks it looks "big" to say bad words, and do wicked deeds; and he does more harm to his schoolfellows than all the other boys put together.

George Herbert's father taught his boy a lesson from those two words: "Only smoke!" and then finished as I have done, by warning the lad against evil companions, telling him this little story of two kings:

King J. was a good man who loved God, and he had a friend King A., who was a mighty sovereign, but a wicked man. Well, the powerful but sinful ruler asked the good king to visit him, and the invitation was accepted. But just about this time war was declared by another nation, and as the good king was his guest, his wicked friend suggested that they should both go together to the fight.

King J. was in his royal robes, but the wicked King A., was disguised; and so the enemy pressed hard on the good man, thinking he was the king they fought against, and it was only by crying out to God that he was saved from an untimely death.

Bad company—only for once—was nearly fatal to King J., but God spared his life, and we find that he never sinned in like manner again.

But the wicked king was slain, for one of the captains of the invading army "drew a bow at a venture," and sent his arrow into the thick of the fight, and God's unseen hand directed it to the breast of the cruel and idolatrous sovereign.

You may find the names of these two kings in 2 Chron. xviii.—*Early Days.*

NEVER BE AFRAID of sudden death; but be ready for it. God is always at hand whether we see him or not. Death will remove from our eyes the material veil that hides the spiritual world; and it will introduce us to the realities which faith had grasped ten thousand times. We shall see Him whom unseen we loved; and He will not be a stranger but the oldest and dearest friend.

went across the road to warm their hands at a large fire which the workmen had made in a kind of iron basket.

It was a fine sight when one of the men poked the fire, for showers of bright sparks shot upwards, much to the delight of those schoolboys. Soon, however, the flames died out, and wreaths of white smoke went curling and twisting upwards beneath the bright sunshine.

One of the boys who had stopped to look at the fire was George Herbert, a bright-faced lad, who was noted for his tidy habits and love of neatness; indeed, his face and hands always seemed clean, and his playmates had nicknamed him "Master Lilywhite."

Other boys inked their fingers and blotted their copy-books, but somehow George managed to avoid doing so, and that morning those hands of his looked white and clean as he held them out towards the fire.

There was nobody near to stop him, and presently George began to wave his fingers backwards and forwards in the white, curling smoke, which kept steadily rising upwards.

## A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

*(Children's Friend.)*

CHAPTER II.—PREPARATION.

"Well, Dorothy Dormouse!" exclaimed Canon Percival, when he came into the drawing-room after dinner that evening.

"Don't call me Dorothy Dormouse, Uncle Crannie."

"Oh, but we call people what they are; and when little girls roll up into a ball, and sleep away their time, they are like nothing so much as—dormice."

"Mother has been telling you at dinner all about my dream, Uncle Crannie. I know she has, else how do you know?"

"Oh, perhaps one of the swallows told me. I say, Dorothy, I have to talk seriously to you for once. I am not joking this time."

Dorothy looked up in her uncle's face, and saw that he really did look grave—almost sad.

"Before mother comes into the room, I want to tell you that Dr. Bell thinks her cough is a bad cough, and that Coldchester is not the right place for her to live in during the winter months. So poor Uncle Crannie will be left alone all the long winter, and you must go with mother and Ingleby to the sunny South—to Italy; think of that!"

"I don't want to go," said Dorothy. "I mean—I mean I don't want to leave Puff and Muff and old Nino, and——"

"Poor old Uncle Crannie; but, my dear little niece, this is not a question of what you like or what you want. It is a question of what is right to do. Perhaps, little Dorothy, neither mother nor I have taught you enough the meaning of the word duty. It means, what you owe to others of service or love. Now, you owe it to your mother to be as merry and happy as a bird; and, after all, many little girls would jump for joy to be off to San Remo."

Dorothy was silent. "How long will it take to get there," she asked—"to the sunny South?"

"Well, you won't go quite as fast as the swallows, but I daresay we shall get there in less than a week; it depends upon the weather, and upon how your mother bears the journey. You must ask God to-night to bless your dear mother, and to make you a very good, helpful little daughter to her. Will you do this?"

"Yes," Dorothy said—"yes, Uncle Crannie. Why won't you stay with us there all the time?"

"Well! the cathedral might run away if I was not here to prevent it; and what would the old Canons do if I deserted them?"

"You are the young Canon, I know," Dorothy said. "Ingleby says that's what you are called."

"Ah!" said the Canon, rubbing his bald head, "there are degrees of comparison, and I am afraid it is old, older, olderer, and oldest, in the cathedral chapter. But I wanted to tell you that at San Remo you will have playfellows—nice little girls and boys, who are living there with their grandmother; and that is what we cannot find for you in Coldchester."

"I don't want any little girls and boys," Dorothy said. "I shan't play with them."

"Oh, nonsense, you will learn to play with them—Hoodman Blind, and Tom Tickler's ground; won't that be jolly?"

Dorothy made no response, and her mother coming into the room, with her shawl closely wrapped round her, she slipped down from her uncle's knee and took up her position at her mother's feet, with one of the kittens in her lap, saying—

"Read, mother, please read."

"Your mother can't read to-night, Dorothy," said the Canon, who had taken up the *Times*. "She has coughed so much to-day, and is very hoarse."

Dorothy pouted, and her mother, clearing her throat, said—

"Oh, I will try to finish the chapter we left unfinished last night. That will not hurt me."

It was a pity that Dorothy was so seldom denied anything. It was simply that there was no absolute necessity for refusing her what she asked, and she had no idea yet that giving up her own will was a sweet gift the youngest child may offer to her Father in heaven—the Father of the dear Lord Jesus Christ, who offered Himself in life and in death for the sinful, sad world He came to save. So Mrs. Acheson finished the chapter of the story, and then it was time for Dorothy to go to bed, for Ingleby appeared at the door, and said it was past eight o'clock, and much too late for a little girl to be in the drawing-room.

I daresay you wish to know what Dorothy was like, and as she goes up the wide staircase of Canon's House, she makes a very pretty picture. She had long, silky, fair hair, which was not frizzed and crimped, but hung down to her waist, and even below it, with soft, curled ends.

"YOU ARE THE YOUNG CANON."

As Ingleby had no other child to look after, it was natural that she should bestow much pains on Dorothy's appearance. She wore a pretty white cashmere frock, with a wide rose-colored sash, her black silk stockings fitted her legs precisely, and her dainty shoes had pretty buckles.

Puff and Muff had been sent to bed downstairs, and only old Nino was allowed to come into the nursery. He was a favored dog, and slept at the foot of his little mistress's bed.

Dorothy went slowly upstairs, heedless of Ingleby's repeated—"Come, my dear, come!" And when at last they had reached the nursery, Dorothy seated herself in the old rocking chair, put her head back, and swinging gently backward and forward, said seriously, almost solemnly—

"Jingle"—it was her pet name for her faithful nurse—"I hate 'playmates,' as Uncle Crannie calls them. If I go to the sunny South, I shall not play with any one."

"Well, that will be very uncivil, my dear; though, to be sure, you are an odd child, for when the little Miss Thompsons and Master Benson came to tea on your last birthday, it did not seem to make you happy."

"It made me miserable," said Dorothy. Then, with a sudden impulse, she got up, and throwing her arms round her old friend's neck, she said, "I want nobody but you and mother, and Puff and Muff, and Nino."

Ingleby was certainly flattered by her darling's preference, and took her on her knee and undressed her as if she were seven months, instead of nearly eight years old, and brushed and combed the silky hair with great pride and pleasure. Dorothy's face was rather too thin and colorless for childhood; but her features were regular, and her large, blue eyes, shaded by dark lashes, were really beautiful.

"She is too much of a little woman," the Miss Thompsons' mother said—"the child wants companions, and to be roused from her dreams;" while Master Benson went away from the birthday party declaring it was slow and stupid, and that Dorothy was a stiff-starched little thing, and he longed to shake her!

Dorothy could not remember her father; he had died when she was scarcely a year old, and just at that time her uncle, Canon Percival, went to live in Canon's House, at Coldchester, and invited his sister to come and take up her abode there, with Ingleby and her little girl.

*(To be Continued.)*

DON'T be a Sabbath Christian only. The devil labors 365 days in the year.—*Needham.*

## HE NEVER FORGOT HIS PROMISE.

I was scarcely sixteen (says Robert Moffat), the Missionary, when, after working in a nursery garden near my parents for about a twelvemonth, I was engaged to fill a responsible situation in Cheshire.

The day arrived when I had to bid farewell to my father, mother, brothers and sisters. My mother proposed to accompany me to the boat, which was to convey me across the Firth of Forth. My heart, though glad at the prospect of removing to a better situation, could not help feeling some emotion natural to one of my age. When we came within sight of the spot where we were to part, perhaps never again to meet in this world, she said,

"Now, my Robert, let us stand here for a few minutes, for I wish to ask one favor of you before we part; and I know you will not refuse to do what your mother asks."

"What is it, mother?" I enquired.

"Do promise me first that you will do what I am now going to ask, and I shall tell you."

"No, mother, I cannot, till you tell me what your wish is."

"Oh, Robert, can you think for a moment that I shall ask you, my son, to do anything that is not right? Do not I love you?"

"Yes, mother, I know you do; but I do not like to make promises which I may not be able to fulfil."

I kept my eyes fixed on the ground. I was silent, trying to resist the rising emotion. She sighed deeply. I lifted my eyes and saw the big tears rolling down the cheeks which were wont to press mine. I was conquered, and as soon as I could recover speech, I said, "Oh, mother, ask what you will, and I shall do it!"

"I only ask you whether you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning, and another every evening?"

I interrupted by saying, "Mother, you know I read my Bible."

"I know you do; but you do not read it regularly, or as a duty you owe to God, its Author." And she added,

"Now I shall return home with a happy heart, inasmuch as you have promised to read the Scriptures daily. Oh, Robert, my son, read much in the New Testament! Read much in the Gospels—the blessed Gospels! Then you cannot well go astray. If you pray, the Lord Himself will teach you."

I parted from my beloved mother, now long gone to that mansion about which she loved to speak. I went on my way, and ere long found myself among strangers.

My charge was an important one for a youth, and though possessing a muscular frame and a mind full of energy, it required all to keep pace with the duty devolved upon me. I lived at a considerable distance from what are called the means of grace, and the Sabbaths were not always at my command. I met with none who appeared to make religion their chief concern. I mingled, when opportunities offered, with the gay and godless in what were considered innocent amusements, where I soon became a favorite; but I never forgot my promise to my mother.—*Child's Companion.*

## "HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SERMON?"

Let us, if only for the sake of variety, change this trite commentary on our Sabbath engagements. How did you enjoy the prayers? How did the reading of God's Word affect you? How much reality did you feel in confessing your sins? How many of your sick, weary, sorrowful, and sinful friends did you remember on your knees? How much did your thoughts go with the hymns you sung? How much did you pray that the servant of God might be blessed in his Word, and that your own soul might be humbled and assured in the love of Christ? And how far has the prayer been answered? Oh, but you say, these are really private questions. Then put them to yourself, dear friend.

BETTER die for a good cause, than to see a good cause die.

### BOYS' AND GIRLS' HYMN.

"Just as I am," Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who loves me:
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

"Just as I am," young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life, I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

—*Marianne Farningham.*

### DR. DEANE'S LESSON.

BY KATE S. GATES.

"I'll tell you what, Dora, Mason is about the best specimen of a man that I ever met. I like him better and better the more I know him. He is thoroughly sensible and good-hearted, and true to the very letter. I consider his coming to town a real god-send to us all," said Dr. Deane enthusiastically to his sister, coming up and sitting beside her on a porch, after having bidden his friend good-night.

"I am very glad that you have found so pleasant a friend in your new neighbor," she answered cordially. "Is he a Christian man?"

"How should I know? He would not be very apt to say, and I can't ask him point-blank." Dr. Deane's tone was just a trifle sharp as he replied to his sister's question.

"But it seems to me that you know almost everything else about him, Fred; why should you not ask him about the most important matter of all? I am sure the minute you found that he had been in D., you asked him innumerable questions, and seemed so pleased to find that you had mutual friends."

"That is an entirely different matter, Dora."

"But if you are sincere and honest in your professions, it is only a minor matter after all; and, Fred, it seems to me that the world would have greater respect for our faith if we ourselves seemed to value it more highly, if they saw that it really and truly was first in our hearts; don't you?"

"You and I do not agree on these matters," said Dr. Deane stiffly. "I do not believe in everlasting preaching; it does more hurt than good. I believe in letting one's life speak for him."

"So do I," assented his sister earnestly. "I would have every single act testify to one's Christian character and purpose, but I do not think our lips should be sealed on this one topic, nor do I think they will be if we are thoroughly in earnest. 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' you know. You were as interested and anxious as could be to know if Mr. Mason knew the Hildreths and Deanes. Now, Fred, honestly, have you given him reason to suppose you care whether he knows your best Friend or not? And yet if you are really sincere and earnest, you ought to care more about that than anything else."

The doctor moved uneasily in his chair, and whistled a strain or two of "Home, Sweet Home," before he replied.

"It all sounds well enough to hear you talk, but I tell you, Dora, men don't expect to be talked to like that under ordinary circumstances," he said presently. "They don't expect it, and they do not want it, either."

"Are you sure that you are honest in saying that you do not expect it? Did you not use to say yourself that you could not see how a sincere Christian could be silent, and let his friends go unwarned and unentreated?"

In spite of himself Dr. Deane colored with vexation. He did remember only too well how strongly he had expressed himself more than once on the inconsistencies of Christians in this very respect.

His sister went quietly into the house, and left him to his own reflections. Conscience told him his duty plainly, though he tried his best to drown her voice.

It seemed to him that there was a conspiracy against him. Time and again in his intercourse with his friend the conversation was turned in such a way that a personal word on the subject would have been the simplest and most natural thing in the world, but not once did the doctor make it.

"I cannot," he said to his accusing conscience. "I cannot; and I wonder what he would say to me if I did!"

And so the days came and went. The two men, living side by side, met every day and exchanged views on every subject but this one. Dr. Deane prayed earnestly in the church prayer-meeting for the salvation of the world, but made no personal appeal to the friend by his side. He prescribed for his physical ailments, but never once did he urge him to seek help for his sin-sick soul.

"I am trying to influence him by my life," he said to his sister. "I am sure that he will come to think of the matter himself one of these days. I might not speak wisely, and so do more hurt than good."

But one day there came a sudden and imperative summons—"Mr. Mason has been seriously hurt, and you must come at once." Dr. Deane obeyed with all possible haste, and somehow his heart sank within him. What if his friend was sick unto death? Oh, if he had only talked with him; if only he had pointed out to him the danger of living without Christ; if only he had urged him to put his trust in Him!

The worst proved true. It was only a question of time, a few hours at the most; and the dying man had no hope in Christ to sustain him in this awful hour.

Taking his friend's hand in his, Dr. Deane did what his conscience had so long been urging him to do.

"Commit yourself to the Lord. Trust Him, and He will lead you safely through the dark valley."

"It is too late for that now, doctor. Why haven't you asked me to do it before?"

Why not? Oh, why not? echoed the doctor's conscience.

"I must die as I have lived. It is too late, too late now," said the dying man again.

Over the dead body of his friend Dr. Deane broke down, and strong man that he was he sobbed like a child.

"God helping me, I will never wait until it is too late again," he said, as he went out from that room, carrying a life-long sorrow and regret with him.—*Morning Star.*

### DEAD CATS IN THE WELL.

A correspondent in the South writes with a sharp pencil thus concerning prohibition: "In this fight you are dealing with one of the most far-reaching questions which can occupy your attention. It is not a personal question. It is not with the man, but with his business, that you have to do. We are not here for personalities. If you wish to drink water out of a well in which there are a dozen dead cats, you may do it; but you shall not place dead cats in the well out of which my children drink. You may read obscene literature if you choose, but you shall not put it in the hands of my children, if I can help myself. And so with the sale of liquor, you have no right to destroy your neighbors. It is only a question of time as to the success of this cause. You may vote down prohibition now, but it will come up again and again."

## Question Corner.—No. 7.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. In what city were the disciples first called Christians?
2. In what city were Paul and Barnabas violently persecuted by Jewish men and women?
3. In what city did Paul deliver a memorable discourse on the Areopagus?
4. What city was the scene of the Italian Centurion's conversion?
5. In what city did Paul become acquainted with Priscilla and Aquilla?
6. What city contained the temple that was one of the seven wonders of the world?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 6.

1. Tarshish, Jonah 1: 3.
2. Bethany, Luke 24: 50.
3. Bethsaida, John 1: 44.
4. Chorazin, Matt. 11: 21.
5. Capernaum, Matt. 11: 23, 24.
6. Cæsarea Philippi, Mark 8: 27.
7. Nazareth, Matt. 2: 23.

## TO OUR PRIZE-WINNERS.

The choice of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" and "The Prince of the House of David" having been so very generally made by those of friends who have won prizes, has necessitated our sending to England for a fourth consignment. This we hope to receive very shortly, when the books will be immediately forwarded to those who are entitled to them.

## OUR PREMIUM BOOKS

We have been very busy sending off books to successful workers for this paper, but the great demand for "The Prince of the House of David" and one or two others in the list has necessitated the sending to England for a further supply. We hope to receive this consignment in a few days, when the books will be immediately despatched. We once more repeat our offer:—

To him or her who sends us FIVE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or ten renewals, *at the regular price of 30c per copy*, we will give, either

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or
Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," colored illustrations

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"Ben Hur; or the Days of the Messiah."

For FIFTEEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or thirty renewals, *at 30c each*, we will send one of the following:—

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